abjects "The Sword-Its Mission and Its Doom. "

TEXT: "Thy sword shall be bathed in leaven."-Isainh xxxiv., 5.

Chaplain T. DeWitt Talmage preached his annual sermon before the Thirteenth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The staff officers and members of the regiment were immediately in front of the platform, and their friends thronged the galleries. The hymn sung was the national air:

My country, tis of thea, Sweet land of liberty.

The following is the sermon in full:

Three hundred and fifty-one times does the Bible speak of that sharp, keen, curved, inexorable weapon, which flashes upon us from the text—the sword. Sometimes the mention is applaudatory and sometimes damnatory, sometimes as sheathed. In the Bible, and in much secular literature, the sword represents all javelins, all muskets, all carbinss, all guns, all police clubs, all battle are all weaponry, all police clubs, all battle are all weaponry. all police clubs, all battle axs, all weaponry for physical defense or attack. It would be an interesting thing to give the history of the Piow, and follow its furrow all down of the Piow, and follow its furrow all town through the ages, from the first crop in Chaldea to the last crop in Minnesota. It would be interesting to allow the Pen as it has tracked its way on down through the literature of nations, from its first word in the first book to the last word which some author last night wrote as he closed his manuscript. It would be an interesting manuscript. It would be an interesting thing to count the echoes of the hammer from the first nail driven, down through all the mechanism of centuries to the last stroke in the carpenter's shop yesterday. But in this, my annual sermon as chaplain of the Thirteenth Regiment, I propose taking up a weapon that has done a work that neither plow nor has your harmons. plow nor pen nor hammer ever accom-plished. My theme is the sword—its mission and its doom.

The sword of the text was bathed in heaven; that is, it was a sword of righteous-ness, as another sword may be bathed in hell, is a great difference between the sword of Winklereid and the sword of Cataline, between the sword of Leonidas and the sword of Benedict Arnold. In our affect of the sword of Benedict Arnold. and the sword of cruelty and wrong. There of Benedict Arnold. In our effort to hasten the end of war, we have hung the sword, with abuses and execrations, when it has had a divine mission, and when in many crises of the world's history it has swung for liberty and justice, civilization and righteousness and God. At the very opening of the Bible and on the east of the Garden of Eden God and on the east of the Garden of Eden God placed a flaming sword to defend the tree of life. Of the officer of the law St. Paul declares: "He beareath not the sword in vain." Through Moses God commanded: "Put every man his sword by his side." David in his prayer says: "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty." One of the old battle shouts of the Old Testament was, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Christ, in a great exigency, said that such a weapon was more important than a coat, for he declared: "He that hath no sword, let him he declared: "He that natu no sword, let himsell his garment and buy one." Again He declared: "I come not to send peace but a sword." Of Christ's second coming it is said: "Out of His mouth went a sharp, two edged sword." Thus, sometimes figuratively, but oftener literally, the divine mission of the

sword is announced.

What more consecrated thing in the world than Joshua's sword, or Caleb's sword, or Gideon's sword, or David's sword, or Washington's sword, or Marion's sword, or Lafay-atte's sword, or Wellington's sword, or Kosciusko's sword, or Garibaldi's sword, or nundreds of thousands of American swords that have again and again been bathed in heaven. Swords of that kind have been best friends of the human race. They have slain tyrannies, pried open dungeons cleared the way for nations in their march upward. It was better for them to take the sword and be free, than lie under something worse than death, and that is life if it must cringe and crouch before the wrong. Turn over the leaves of the world's history, and find that there has never been a tyranny stopped or a nation liberated except by the sword. am not talking to you about the way things ought to be, but about the way they have ought to be, but about the way they have been. What force drove back the Saracens at Tours, and kept Europe from being over-whelmed by Mohammedanism, and, subsequently, all America given over to Moham-medanism? The sword of Charles Mar tel and Who can deal enough in infinities to tell what was accomplished for the world's good by the sword of Joan of Arc.

In December last I looked off and saw in the distance the battlefield of Marathon, and lasked myself what was it that, on that most tremendous day in history, stopped the Persian hosts, representing not only Persia, but Egypt, and Tripoli, and Afghanistan, and Belocchistan, and Armenia; a host that had Asia under foot, and proposed to put had Asia under foot, and proposed to put Europe under foot, and, if successful in that battle, would have submerged by Asiatic barbarism European civilization, and, as a consequence in after time, American civilization. The words of Mittiades, and Themisto cles, and Aristides. At the waving of these swords the eleven thousand lancers of Athens on the run dashed against the one hundred thousand insolerit Persians, and trampled them down or pushed them back into the The sword of that day saved the best part of the hemispheres, a trinity of keen steel flashing in the two lights—the light of the setting of the sun of barbarism, the light of the rising sun of civilization. Hall to these three great swords bathed in heaven!

What put an end to infamous Louis XVI.'s plan of universal conquest, by which England would have been made to kneel on the steps of the Tuileries and the Angio-Saxon race would have been halted and all Europe paralyzed? The sword of Mariborough at Bienheim. Time came when the Roman war eagles, whose beaks had been punched into the hearts of nations, must be brought down from their eyries. All other attempts had diegracefully failed, but the Germans, the mightiest nation for brawn and brain, un-dertook the work, and, under God, suc-ceeded. What drove back the Roman cavalry till their borses wounded, flung their riders and the last rider perished, and the Heroynian forest became the scene of Rome's humiliation? The sword, the brave sword,

humiliation? The sword, the brave sword, the triumphant sword of Arminius.

While passing through France last January my nerves tingled with excitement and I rose in the car, the better to see the battlefield of Chalons, the mounds and breastworks still visible, though nearly five hundred years ago they were shoveled up. Here, Attila, the heathen conster, called by himself the "Scourge God, for the poulsament of Christians," life a massacre of nations, came to ignitious defeat, and he put into one great pile the wooden saddles of his cavairy, and the spoils of the cities and kingdoms he had sacked, and placed on top of this holocaust the women who had accompanied him in his devastating march, ordering that the torch he put to the pile. What power broke that sword, and stayed that red scourge of grueity that was rolling over Europe? The

elty that was rolling over Europe? The ord of Theodoric and Actius.

Occome down to later ages, all intelligent glahmen units with all intelligent American agency of the agency of from the american colonies swing off from the error, at of Great Britain. It would been the worst-absurdity of 4000 years his continent should have continued in any tog a throne on the other side of the ity to a throne on the other side of the You one would propose a governormal for the United States as torre is a smorgeneral for Canala. We have appended queens in our American capitar, s could hardly be brought to support as on the other side of the Atlantic, and good as Victoria is. The only use see for saris and lords and dukes in this iry is to treat them well when they pass

the breaks are would have with us. England that the United States make excellent neighbors, but the two families are too large to live in the same house. What a godsend that we should have parted, and parted long ace! But I can think of no other way in wilch we could have possibly achieved A herican independence. George III. the half, crazy King, would not have let us go. Lord North, his Prime Minister, would not have let us go. General Lord Cornwallis would not have let us go, although after Yorktown he was glad enough to have us let him go. Lexington and Bunker Hill, and Menmouth, and Trenton, and Valley Forge were proofs positive that they were not willing to let us go. Any committee of Americans going across the ocean to see what could have been done would have found no better accommodations than London Tower. The only way it could have been done was by the sword, your great-grandfather's sword. Jefferson's pen could write the Declaration of Independence, but only Washington's sword could have activeved it, and the other swords bathed in heaven.

So now the sword has its uses, although it is a sheathed sword. There is not an armory in Brooklyn, or New York, or Phila-

it is a sheathed sword. There is not an armory in Brooklyn, or New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago or Charleston, or New Orleans, or any American city, that could be spared. We have in all our American cities a ruffian population, who, though they are small in number, compared with the good are small in number, compared with the good population, would again and again make rough and stormy times if, back of our mayors and common councils and police, there were not in the armories and arsenals some keen steel which, if brought into play, would make quick work with mobocracy. There are in every great community unprincipled men, who like a row on a large scale, and they heat themselves with sour mash and old rea heat themselves with sour mash and old rye and other decoctions, enriched with blue viand other decoctions, enriched with olde vi-triol, potash, turpentine, sugar of lead, sul-phuric acid, logwood, strychnine, night shade and other precious ingredients, and take down a whole glass with a resounding "Ah!" of satisfaction. When they get that stuff in them and the blue vitriol collides with the potash, and the turpentine with the sulphuric acid, the victims are ready for any thing but order and decency and good government. Again and again, in our Ameri can cities, has the necessity of home guards been demonstrated.

You remember how, when the soldiers were all away to the war in 1863-4, what conflagrations were kindled in the streets of New York, and what negroes were hung. Some of you remember the great riots in Philadelphia at fires, sometimes kindled just for the apparatus of the street and described the for the opportunity of uproar and despoila-tion. In 1849 a hiss at a theatre would have resulted in New York city being demolished had it not been for the citizen soldiery. Be-Edwin Forrest, had received in England from the friends of Mr. Macready, the English actor, when the latter ap-peared in New York, in Macbeth, the distinguished Englishman was hissed and mobbed, the walls of the city having been placarded with the announcement: "Skall Americans or English rule in this city?" Streets were filled with a crowd insane with passion. The riot act was read, but it only evoked louder yells and heavier volleys of stones, and the whole city was threatened with violence and assassination.

But the Seventh regiment, under Gen. Duryea, marched through Broadway, preceded by mounted troops, and at the com-mand: "Fire! Guard! Fire!" the mob scatmand: "Fire! Guard! Fire!" the mob scat-tered, and New York was saved. What would have become of Chicago, two or three years ago, when the police lay dead in the streets, had not the sharp command of mili-tary officers been given? Do not charge such scenes upon Araerican institutions. They are as old as the Ephesian mob that howled for two hours in Paul's time about the theater amid the ruins of which I stood the theatre, amid the ruins of which I stood last January. They were witnessed in 1675 in London, when the weavers paralled the streets and entered buildings to destroy the machinery of those who, because of their new inventions, could undersell the rest. They were witnessed in 1781 at the trial of Lord George Gordon, when there was a religious riot. Again, in 1719, when the rabble cried, "Down with the Presbyterians! Down with the meeting houses!" There always have been, and always will be, in great communities, a class of people that cannot govern themselves and which ordinary means can not govern, and there are exigencies which nothing but the sword can meet. Aye, the militia are the very last regiments that it will be safe to disband.

Arbitrament will take the place of war beween nation and nation, and national

armies will disband as a consequence, and the time will come—God hasten it!—when there will be no need of an American army or navy, or a Russian army or navy. But some time after that cities will have to keep their armories, and arsenals, and well-drilled militia, because until the millennial day there will be populations with whom abitrament will be as impossible as treaty with a cavern of hyenas or a jungle of snakes. These men who rob stores and give garroter's hug, and prowl about the wharves at midnight, and rattle the dice in gambling hells, and go armed with pistol or dirk, will refrain from disturbance of the while resce public peace just in proportion as they realpublic peace just in proportion as they realize that the militia of a city, instead of being an awkward squad, and in danger of shooting each other by mistake, or losing their own life by looking down into the gun barrel to see if it is loaded, or getting the ramrod fast in their bootleg, are prompt as the sunrise, keen as the north wind, potent as a thunderbolt, and accurate, and regular, and disciplined in their movements as the planetary system. planetary system.

Well done, then, I say to the legislatures, and governors, and mayors, and all offi-cials who decide upon larger armories and better places for drill and more generous better places for drill and more generous equipment for the militia. The sooner the sword can safely go back to the scabbard to stay there the better; but until the hilt clangs against the case in that final lodgment, let the sword be kept free from rust; sharp all along the edge, and its point like a needle, and the handle polished, not only by the chamois of the regimental servant, but by the hand of brave and natriotic officers. by the hand of prave and patriotic officers, always ready to do their full duty. Such swords are not bathed in impetuosity, or bathed in cruelty, or bathed in oppression, or bathed in outrage, but bathed in heaven.

Before I speak of the doom of the sword let me also say that it has developed the grandest natures that the world ever saw. It has developed courage—that sublime energy of the soul which defes the universe when it feels itself to be in the right. It has de-veloped a self sacrifice which repudiates the idea that our life is worth more than anything else, when for a principle it throws that life away, as much as to say: It is not necessary that I live, but it is necessary that righteous ness triumph. There are tens of thousands among the Northern and Southern veterans of our Civil War who are ninety-five per cent. larger and migatier in soul than they would have been had they not during the four years of national agony turned their back on home and fortune and at the front sacrificed all for

It was the sword which on the Northern side developed a Grant, a McClellan, a Hooker, a Hancock, a Sherman, a Sheridan and Admirals Farragut and Porter, and on the Southern side a Lee, a Jackson, a Hill, a Gordon and the Johnstons, Albert Sydney and Joseph E., and Admiral Semmes, and many Federals and Confederates whose graves in national cemeteries are marked graves in national cemeteries are marked "Unknown," yet who were just as self-sacrificing and brave as any of their Major-Generals, and whose resting places all up and down the banks of the Androscoggin, the Hudson, the Potomac, the Mississippi and the Alabama, have recently been snowed under with white flowers typical of resurrection, and strewn with red flowers commemorative of the carnage through which memorative of the carnage through which they passed, and the blue flowers illustra-tive of the skies through which they as ocaded.

But the sword is doomed. There is one word that needs to be written in every throne

toom, in every war office, in every navy yard, in every national council. That word is disarmament. But no government can afford to throw its sword away until all the great governments have agreed to do the same. Through the influence of the recent convention of North and South American Governments at Washington, and through the pacce convention to be held next July in London, and other movements in which prime ministers, and kings, and queens, and sultaus, and czars shall take part, all civilized nations will come to disarmament, and if a few barbarian races decline to quit war, then all the decent nations will send out a force of continental police to wipe out from the face of the earth the miscreants.

But until disarmament and consequent ar-

the face of the earth the miscreants.

But until disarmament and consequent arbitration shall be agreed to by all the great governments, any single government that dismantles its fortresses, and spikes its guns, and breaks its sword, would simply invite its own destruction. Suppose, before such general agreement, England should throw away has severed think you France has forgatt and her sword; think you France has forgott en Waterloo? Suppose before such general agreement, Germany should throw away her sword, how long would Alsace and Lorraine stay as they are? Suppose the Czar of Russia before any such general agreement should are?. Suppose the Czar of Russia be-fore any such general agreement should throw away his sword; all the eagles and vultures and lions of European power would gather for a piece of the Russian bear. Sup-pose the United States, without any such general agreement of disarmament, should throw away her sword; it would not be long before the Narrows of our harbor would be ablaze with the bunting of foreign navies coming here to show the folly of the "Mon-

Side by side the two movements must go. Complete armament until all agree to disarmament. At the same command of "Halt" all nations halting. At the same command of "Ground arms!" all muskets thumping. At the same command of "Break ranks!" all At the same command of "Break ranks!" all armies disbanding. That may be nearer than you think. The standing army is the nightmare of nations. England wants to get rid of it, Germany is being eaten up by it, Russia is almost taxed to death with it. Suppose that the millions of men belonging to the standing armies of the world and in absolute idleness, for the most part of their lives, should become producers, instead of consumers. Would not the world's prespectities.

sumers. Would not the world's prosperities improve, and the world's morals be better? Or have you the heathenish idea that war is necessary to k.T. off the surplus populations of the earth, and that without it the world would be so crowded there would scon be no reserved seats, and even the standing room would be exhausted? Ah! I think we can trust to the pneumonias, and the consump-tions, and the fevers, and the Russian grippes to kill the people fast enough.

Beside that, when the world gets too full God will blow up the whole concern and start another world and better one. Be-side that, war kills the people who can least be spared. It takes the pick of the nations. Those whom we could easily spare to go to the front are in the penitentiary, and their duties detain them in that limited sphere. No; it is the public spirited and the valorous who go out to die. Mostly are they young men. If they were aged, and had only five or men. If they were aged, and had only five or ten years at the most to live, the sacrifice would not be so great. But it is those who have forty or fifty years to live who step into the jaws of battle. In our war Colonel Ellsworth fell while yet a mere lad. Renowned McPherson was only 35. Magnificent Reynolds was only 43. Hundreds of thousands fell between twenty and thirty years of age. I looked into the faces of the French and German troops as they went out to fight at Se man troops as they went out to fight at Sedan, and they were for the most part armies of splendid boys. So in all ages war has pre-ferred to sacrifice the young. Alexander the Great died at 32. When war slays the young it not only takes down that which they are, but that which they might have been.

So we are glad at the Isaiahic prophecy, that the time is coming when nation shall not lift up sword against nation. Indeed both swords shall go back into the scabbard—the sword bathed in heaven and the sword hathed in hell. In a war in Spain a soldier went on a skirmishing expedition, and, se-cluded in a bush, he had the opportunity of cluded in a bush, he had the opportunity of shooting a soldier of the other army who had strolled away from his tent. He took aim and dropped him. Running up to the fallen man he took his knapsack for spoil, and a letter dropped out of it, and it turned out to be a letter signed by his own, father; in other words, he had shot his brother. If the brotherhood of man be a true doctrine, then he who shoots another man always shoots his own brother. What a horror is war and its cruelties were well illustrated when the Tartars, after sweeping through Russia and Poland, displayed with pride nine great sacks filled with the right pride nine great sacks fuled with the right ears of the fallen, and when a correspondent of the London Times, writing of the wounded after the battle of Sedan, said: "Every moan that the human voice can utter rose from that heap of agony, and the cries of 'Water! For the love of God, water! A doctor! A doctor! never ceased."

After war has wrought such cruelties, how glad we will be to have the Old Monster himself die. Let his dying couch be spread in some dismantled fortress, through which the stormy winds howl. Give him for a pillow a battered shield, and let his bad be hard with the rusted bayonets of the slain. Cover him with the coarsest blanket that picket ever wore, and let his only cup be the bleached bone of one of his war chargers, and the last taper by his bedside expire as the midnight blast sighs into his ear: "The candle of the wicked shall be put out."

To-night against the sky of the glorious future I see a great blaze. It is a foundry in full blast. The workmen have stirred the fires until the furnaces are seven times heated. The last wagon load of the world's swords has been hauled into the foundry, and they are tumbled into the furnace, and they begin to glow and redden and melt, and in hissing and sparkling liquid they roll on down through the crevice of rock until they fall into a mold shaped like the iron foot of a plow. Then the liquid cools off into a naru metal, and, brought out on an anvil, it is beaten and pounded and fascioned, stroke Then the liquid cools off into a hard after stroke, until that which was a weapon

to reap harvests of men becomes an implement turning the soil for harvests of corn, the sword having become the plowshare.

Officers and comrades of the Thirteenth Officers and comrades of the Intreenth Regiment of State Militia: After another year of pleasant acquaintance I hail you with a salutation all made up of good wishes and prayers. Honored with residence in the best city of the best land under the sun, let us dedicate ourselves anew to God and country and home! In the Eng-lish conflict called "The War of the Roses," a white rose was the badge of the house of York, and the red rose the badge of the house of Lancaster, and with these two col-ors they opposed each other in battle. To enlist you in the Holy War for all that is good against all that is wrong, I pin over your heart two badges, the one suggestive of the blood shed for our relemption, and the other symbolic of a soul made white and clean—the Ross of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Be these henceforth our regi-mental symbols—Rose and Lily, Lily and

A TORNADO'S TRACK OF RUIN.

Barns and Crops Destroyed by a Storm in Vizginia.

Dinwiddie county, Va., about twenty miles from Petersburg, was visited by a frightful wind storm, which wrought destruction and ruin in its path. The storm extended over the county for some seven or eight miles, and its width was about two miles. Those living in the path of the tornado were much frightened and sought safety in their cellars. A large number of barns were blown down, and fencing for miles were swept away. Many of the farmers had their orchards completely ruined, while their crops of wheat was badly out to pieces by the heavy fall of bail.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

INTERESTING NEWS COMPILED FROM MANY SOURCES.

-Building is reported to be unusually active in Westminster, Md., and the demand for skilled workmen is large. —A large well has been sunk in the building of the Wheeling ice plant, at Wheeling, W. Va., which flows 250 gallons a minute.

—Farmers from different sections of Washing-ton county, Md., report that the prospects for a good wheat crop in that county were never finer.

—Deposits of a very fine quality of lead have been discovered on the farm of N. E. Layman, eight miles from Fineastle, in Botetourt county, Va.

-The grand council of the Royal Arcanum, of North Carolina, was organized at Raleigh. Supreme Regent Legh R. Watts, of Virginia, officiated.

The law school at the University of North Carolina will open July 1stand end on the last Monday in September. The fee for the term will be \$30. A panther, said to have escaped from a men-agerie two years ago in Shepherdstown, W. Va., is reported to be frolicking about the suburbs of that place.

One of the fifteen prisoners to be discharged from the Virginia penitentiary during the month of June is T. A. Marvin, the celebrated

—The farmers of Frederick county, Md., re-port a bright outlook for coming crops, espec-ially those of hay and wheat, which bid fair to produce an abundant yield.

Grant district, Ritchie county, W. Va., defeated by a overwhelming majority, the proposition to subscribe \$20,000 to the Ohio and West Virginia Southern railroad.

The smallest egg on record is reported by Mr. Charles A. Horner, of Westminster, Md., which is described as being too small to measure. It is the product of an ordinary sized hen.

The next annual meeting of the Carolina Tobacco Association will be held at Morehead City in August. All persons regularly engaged in the tobacco trade will be welcomed as delegates.

The store of W. W. Dorsey, near Prince Frederick, Calvert county, Md., with a stock of general merchandise was burned a few nights ago. The loss is partly covered by in-

-Basic City, Va., has a lady depot agent. At the death of her husband, who had been the agent there for several years, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company appointed Mrs. Annie Hicks as his successor.

—A negro, named Andy Tulps, indicted for murder, escaped from the juil at Tazewell Court-house, Va. He is one of the prisoners who escaped on the 2d of lust February and was captured a few days afterward. -The assessment of real estate of Lynchburg

Va., has just been completed, and shows an increase over that of 1885 of \$1,759,171. The increase over that of 1885 of \$1,759,171. crease of 30 per cent. in five years is unusual and denotes wonderful prosperity. -The registrar of the town of Pulaski, Va.

by law, and, consequently notown officers can be elected this year. The authorities are at their wit's end to know what to do.

—An incendiary fire occurred near Goff's post-office, in Bedford county, Va., in which a large mill, a storehouse, still and fixtures, and a large barn belonging to Robert Goff were en-tirely destroyed. Loss \$10,000; partly insured. -The contractors who are to build the new electric railroad bridge, from Wheeling to Martinsburg, W. Va., have contracted for not less than five carloads of stone each day until late in the fall, from the Bellaire stone

-The people of Shepherdstown, W. Va., purpose celebrating the completion of the Shep-herd Turnpike, which will be finished next month, to show their appreciation of the gen-erosity of Mr. Shepherd, through whose efforts the improvement was made. -Dr. J. G. Gordon, of Winston, N. C., owns a

watch five hundred years old. It is a curious affair, the works being painted red and having red jewels. Dr. Gordon was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1790, and is now one hun--George Rubbash, from the northern part of Augusta county, Va., fell from a freigh train on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and

fully able to pay his fare, he was beating his way on a freight train when the accident occurred. -A coal vein of extraordinary richness has been discovered about five miles from Dur-ham, in Orange county, N. C., and a company is being formed to develop it. J. S. Carr, of Durham, and Col. A. B. Andrews, of Raleigh,

died from the effects of his wounds. Although

are the leading spirits in the enterprise and great results are promised. -Last week W. C. Palmatory found stranded in the shallow waters of Southeast Creek, near Church Hill, Md., a porpoise, which was speed-ily killed with the assistance of neighbors. It weighed over 700 pounds, and many choice steaks were cut from the carcass, which also

yielded a large quantity of superior oil. -There was recently born in Johnston county, N. C., a white child which is pronounced to be the most wonderful freak of nature ever seen in this state. It had two well developed heads—one at each end of the body. Each head was capable of nursing and crying. The child was twenty-two inches long and eighteen and a half inches across, with arms extended. It had three feet—two on one side of the body (or trunk) and one on the other, and four arms— two on each ride. It lived fifty hours.

A small boy was playing on the river bank at Wheeling, W. Va., when the ster boat Ben Herr passed. The lad had wade into the water, when the waves from the psing boat upset him and carried him out in the river, and, but for the assistance of William

Hagedorn, he would have been drowned. -A three-year-old child of Mr. Taylor was playing in a spring, near Wheeling, W. Va., by ladling out the water with a dipper, when it fell in head first. Another child told Mrs. Taylor, who immediately rescued it, but not until it was apparently dead. The neighbors managed to resuscitate it with much difficulty.

The burglars who escaped from the Martins-burg, (W. Va.,) Jail on May 15, and were re-captured in Pennsylvania, made another at-tempt to escape last week. They had succeed-ed in filing on the rivet heads of the bars which fasten the cell doors, and would have made good their escape had they not been detected. An engineer working on the Union Bridge, Wheeling, W. Va., was drawing a barrel of water from the river, when his jacket caught in the "nigger head," and he was carried around several times, the ropes wrapping around him with the weight of a barrel of rater on the end of the rope thirty feet below Fortunately, his left foot caught in the throttle, stopping the engine or he would have been

—Joseph Griffiths, who died recently at Williamsburg, Greenbrier county, W. Va., was probably the most eccentric character in the state. He had amussed quite a fortune, over \$30,000 in cash being found in his house, and he owned several valuable tracts of land. In his store for many years he refused to reduce the price of his goods, for which he demanded war-time prices, and which became dusty, mouldy and covered with cobwebs. He lived entirely apart from his neighbors, and would permit no interference in his way of doing business.

THE German Emperor always has a large box filled with orders when he is on his travels, the value of which is some \$20,000. He is fond of suddenly producing one of these, with the needful diploma, and giving it to somebody who is not expecting anything of the

MISS COURTNEY WALTHAL, daughter of the out to pieces by the heavy fall of bail.

Mr. SEAR, formerly of Chicago, m about to establish a daily newspaper in the City of Mexico, to be published in the English language. Tact in Managing the Boys.

A quaint story is told about Master Tommy Anderson, an old-time peda-gogue. Once he taught a school in Farmington, where the boys had driven out several teachers. He found that the chief conspirator was a good-looking grown-up girl, sancy and proud.
The schoolmaster wore his hair in a
cue, as was the fashion in those days.
When he was "doing a sum," with his
head down, she tossed his cue back and forth as if it were a toy, much to the amusement of the scholars. Uncle Tommy said nothing but kept up quite a thinking. He knew if he called out the guilty girl and punished her, the big boys would rise and carry him out. So he adopted unusual tactics in conducting his campaign. He found a lot of long hair hanging up in a harn. From this he selected and smoothed out a bunch resembling a cue, and tied it up nicely with a ribbon. Taking this to the school-room early the next morning, he suspended it from the peg where the girl always hung her cloak and hood; then he commenced to set copies as usual. When she came in and spied the curious contrivance she looked surprised and puzzled. Quoth Master Tommy, in a mild tone of voice:

Miss, I have brought that bunch of hair for you to use as a plaything

instead of my cue."

The proud-spirited girl was humiliated before the whole school, and could not help crying. Uncle Tommy had won the victory by stratagem rather than by force of arms, and had no fur-ther difficulty with his scholars.— Farmington (Me.) Chronicle.

She Was Smart.

He-I love you, Maud. She-All right, Harry! And you may keep company with me this summer on a few conditions.

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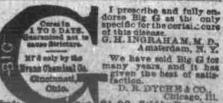
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